YESTERDAY'S CHAPTERS.

Unable to contact Sara before leaving London, Andy sends her a note. When he reaches home, Mr Haygood breaks the news that they must leave Holly Park, Andy, although shocked by this news, cannot help thinking of Sara—will he still be able to marry her?

A NDY woke up suddenly to the fact that dinner was over, and they were going to have coffee—in Mrs Rowan's sitting-room.

soing to have conce—in airs kowains witting-room.

"Did you and Andy ceme to any decision, with Haygood? Surely we can fight?" she sked as they settled down.

She had said that a dozen times already. A street of the street of

The old solicitor looked up with a brease interest. "No," he said. "No we didn't. You sed some of your nunt's legacy."
"Then it's my own property, isn't it?"
"Certainly "Mr. Haygood agreed. A ill ring her up presently, he thought ther all, it's not Holly Park, but it's a ome. I don't believe she'd mind so terribly such.

After all, it's not ruow, home. I don't believe she'd mind so terribly much.

His mother's voice moaned on—
"I still can't believe it!" she was saying pathetically. "I still can't believe that we've got to give up our lovely home to this dreadful gril."
"She may not be dreadful." Ruth said quietly. "Have you seen her yet, Mr. Haygood?"
"Yes, I have. She came down to see me. I daresay you've heard of her. It appears." Mr. Haygood coughed, "that-your cousin—is something of a celebrity."
"A celebrity?"
Mr Haygood nodded. "A singer—of sorts. Most people seem to have heard of her. Her professional name is Sara Moon."
In the moment of silence that followed. Buth gave a little gasp, and her eyes flew uncontrollably to Andy's Incc.
It might have been carved in stone.

Sara Doesn't Give In

Fower, "did you have a good time last left."

Rowan, and he was a good judge of men good have the didn't turn his head as he spoke; he was busily hunting through a pile of music. A moment later his sensitive mistnets varned him that somebow he'd blundered addr. He straightnend wroung?"

Sara. my dear, what's wrong?"

Sara. my dear, what's wrong?"

We'll see. Bays passed, and the was a good judge of men gord, "he said, forcing himself to be temporable. Sara flashed him a glance of involuntary setting.

Sara flashed him a glance of involuntary setting.

Sara was sitting in her flat waiting for we'll see. Bays passed, and the textury, she could have written back, explained, made him see. But you couldn't early.

Sara flashed him a glance of involuntary setting.

We'll see. "We'll see."

We'll see. "Bays passed, and the verture, when see in the fact of the fateful evening, sear was sitting in her flat waiting for colock and Bessie and the textury.

Every night, when Sara came into the Ivory inght, when Sara came into the Ivory inght.

Andy is thinking up something special for Sara-until . . .

Susan Inglis

"Let you down? What do you mean?"
Her long lashes flickered.
"Just dinht turn op."
"He sent you no message?"
"Not a word. Bessie suggested that here might have been an accident. So I ang the hotel,"

"He and Ruth had gone. Quite early

"And—I had uns be said.

She had brought Mr Haygood's letter with her. Now she gave it into Gregori's hands and waited. Greg took it and read, the lines on his face deepening. My poor Saral he thought.

"Well, it looks as if he knows now!" he

said.
Sara's head went up.
"Even if he does, don't you think he should have let me know? He knew I'd."

"Even if he does, don't you think he should have let me know? He knew I'd be ready, waiting—"
Greg had always admired her courage, but now—those steady eyes, the mouth that wanted to tremble, but wouldn't—He was suddenly angry, furiously angry, with Andy Rowan because he had hurt Sara so desperately, and there was nothing that he, Greg, could do about it. He said harshly, "The mannerless pup!"
"Of course," Sara suid carefully, "if he heard, I expect he'd be very angry with me. But he might at least have got someone at the hotel t—ring me up, to give me a message. It wasn't very niese of him, was it, Greg, just to leave me flat like that?"
Nice? It was childish, mannerless, cruel! But it wouldn't help Sara anying any of that.
""Not at all nice!" Greg said dryly. And then he wrinkled his forehead. Childish, mannerlers, cruel—those words—just didn't fit in with what he had seen of Andy Rowan, and he was a good judge of men. Bewilderment steadied his anger.
"There's probably an explanation of seme-sort," he said, foreing himself to be temperate.
Sara flashed him a glance of involuntary

Answers To "Can You Tell?"

1-Queen Mary. 2 John Adams. 5-Yes. 4-The. late Detective-Inspector John K. Ferrier in 1904. 5-Yellow-grey, with striped sides. 6-Hamlet.

it continued to fascinate all the other people who hated crooners because, as one of them wrote and told her, "You don't whine!" Whining, Sara Moon told herself fereely, never did anyone any good. But what did you do when you felt like this, as if one half of you were dead, and the half that was left didn't matter a bit?

She tried telling, herself that the classification of the property of the continued of the

didn't matter a bit?

She tried telling herself that she'd been a fool, and she'd got to stop being a fool. She'd been wrong when she thought that Andy cared for her, wrong about Andy altogether. He wasn't the sort of person she thought he was at all, or be wouldn't have treated her like this.

If he'd let her know, somehow, anyhow, that he wasn't coming, it would all have been different. If he'd written, however curtly, she could have written back, explained, made him see. But you couldn't crawl.

have Bossie.

She was a little scrap of a woman, some-thing under five feet tall; something round about forty in age, Sura guessed, though they never discussed anything so tactless. Her versatility was even more remarkations that her efficiency, for she could function as

than her eminency, for she could function as:
cook, housekeeper, lady's-maid, and at a
pinch secretary. For Sara, she did it all
with the greatest good-humour.
Sara lay back now in her wine-coloured
velvet housecont, against the soft, white
leather of her chair, and looked round the
room. It was a pretty room, light and
feminine, and yet cosy, with cream paint
and flowered curtains and a causely of cool

ittle now.

The door-bell whirred, and hearing Greg's voice in the hall, she sat up with a warm sensation of pleasure, in the pleasure, and the sat up with a warm sensation of pleasure, in the sat up with a warm sensation of pleasure, in the sat up with a warm sensation of pleasure, in the sat up with a well and you're just in time for tea."

"Ah" said Greg cheerfully, "that's judgment, not luck, my girl! I know what bessie's teas are like. The brought you a present." He had one hand in the pocket of his overcoat. "Shut your eyes and hald out your hands—both of them!"

Mystified, Sara obeyed. There was a little squesk and a snuffle; she felt the touch of Greg's hand on her own, and then something warm and soft and alive was in her arms.

thing warm and soft and alive was in her arms.

"Oh, Greg!" she said, opening her eyes.
"What a baby lamb!"
It was, as a matter of fact, a Pekinese puppy. Snowy white, utterly self-possessed, delightfully arrogant.

"They tell me," Greg said, "that her name is Ching Ling, meaning Clear Brightness. After a very limited acquaintance I should say that Sheer Devilment would be better, but I don't know how it goes in Chinese."

better, but I cour better, but I cour better, but I course, cried Sara rapturously, dropping into her chair again and setting the puppy on her knee. "I've always wanted a dog so much, but I thought I cognitit to have one in a flat. Oh, Greg-how sweet of you!"

(Continued To-morrow.)

What foot has no too

They lap up Oh, gran'pa's Just full o When I grow A farm w

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